# The Fifteen COMFORTS OF Whoring,

Or, *The Pleasures of a Town-Life.*

Dedicated to the Youth of the present Age.

*By the Author of the Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.*

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# The PREFACE.

I *Am in a little pain leſt the Tit*
*ſhou'd give Offence to ſome, whom*
*am unwilling to diſoblige; yet I hop*
*the more Judicious, when they ſee the deſig*
*will allow it both their Pardon and Appr*
*bation: for 'tis more than a little odds, ha*
*I call'd it the Fifteen Plagues of Whorin*
*whether the young Gentlemen moſt concern*
*in it, wou'd have given themſelves t*
*trouble to peruſe it, As they are Children*
*their Actions, they muſt be dealt with li*
*Children, and have their Horn-books Gi*
*ow the back. This is all the Apology I ha*
*to make; which I hope the Moral will e*
*plain, and ſupply all elſe that might*
*ſaid upon that Head. Among all oth*
*Debaucheries, as the principal and leadi*
*Vice, I ſhall begin with Whoring.*

# The Fifteen Comforts of Whoring.

*The First Comfort of Whoring.*

NO sooner Youth throws off his Infant Plays,
The harmless Pastime of his happier Days,
t past a Child, is still in Judgement so,
A
nd studies first what he is not to know;
easure and Sence his easie Soul entice,
urr'd forward by his Native Love to Vice:
Mistress now his Fancy entertains;
id Youthful Vigour boils within his Brains:
ne poor lost Maid he do's with Oaths invade,
nd loads his Soul with twenty Thousand Lyes;
omises Marriage, Love, a hundred things,
ll both himself and her, he to destruction brings;
length he finds his falsity repaid,
T
nd draws the Curse of Heaven on his Head.

*The Second Comfort of Whoring.*

Y this some Lewder Harlot is Caress't,
Who plays the Tyrant in his Am'rous Breast;
e Charming Syren touches ev'ry String,
keep his busie Fancy on the Wing;
ll by her whiles she binds her Captive fast,
oths him at first, and bubbles him at last.
feed her Pride, clandestine means he'll take,
b Friends, or Master, for the Harlot's sake,
ll to the greatest Ill's he do's descend,
nd Ruin only; Ruin Seals his End.

*The Third Pleasure of a Town Life.*

WHat Nature has not done, a Harlot will,
(For sure Destruction is her boasted Skill:

One

One Scarce to the full Bloom of Life attain'd,
Before of Cramps and Aches he complains,
Curses the Jilt--looks pale and wan withal:
Wither'd like Fruit by their untimely fall,
Go's thro' a hated Course of nauseous Pills,
And spends a little thousand Pocky Bills:
Perhaps at length he do's get free from pain,
But the Effects on all his Life remain.

*The Fourth Pleasure of a Town Life.*

ANother hardly does escape so well,
From Purgatory he drops into Hell;
Where like a brandon Sacrifice he comes,
And in the Flame the Harlot lit, consumes:
Of Buboes, Nodes, and Ulcers he complains,
Of Restless Days, and damn'd nocturnal Pains.
Nor less than into six Weeks Flux he goes:
Comes out a Shadow, pale and Meagre shews,
If Heaven spare that Ornament his Nose.
Thus all his Youthful Vigour's thrown away,
And ere his time he dwindles to decay.

*The Fifth Comfort of a Town Life.*

THis married, secluded in the Joys of Life,
A handsom Trade, and an endearing Wife;
Does yet a mind incontinent betray,
And for a Night of Pleasure dearly pay:
Having receiv'd a Favour from his Miss,
He kindly gives it to a Friend of his:
The Wife, (for that the Marriage Rites say still)
Must bear a part both of the Good or Ill.
She finds what pity 'tis she e'er had known,
Since for no Crime, but Pleasure of her own,
Reveals it to him, knowing not at first,
What might the Cause be--tho' she fear'd the worst.
He strives to pacifie her twenty ways
Blushes--or would do if he'd any Grace.
Tells her the truth in Penitential strain,
And vows he'll never do the like again.

weeps, forgives him all— but must endure,
e manner, and the Charges of a Cure:
here One in twenty scarce so perfect be,
t that they leave it to Posterity.

*The Sixth Comfort of a Town Life.*

R where they 'scape the plagues of *Pox* and *Pills*,
The Sin is liable to fifty Ills,
equal Danger, tho' a different Cure,
s he that dreading Claps wou'd Sin secure,
r soon the pliant Wretch he has beguil'd
th to his Charge and wonder prove with Child;
which, may properly be said a Man,
aps from the Fire to the Frying pan.
his for his Reputation sake must be reveal'd
hen Claps are only as a Jest reveal'd
e's now Remov'd—Deliver'd—and the Nurse
omes thick and threefold to Exhaust his Purse:
blessed Life that woful Mortal bears,
With *Nurse*, and *Child*, and *Mabel* in his Ears,
am'd with a Thousand things that must be had,
ll they have dream'd him poor, and made him mad;
hat better (had he been convinc'd before,)
e had Transgress'd with some Obedient Whore.

*The Seventh Pleasure of a Town Life.*

Nother that he may his Joys secure,
Turns *Limbeburn*, and keeps some Gandy whore,
hinks her his own— when Satan knows her mind,
like her Body not to be confin'd,
nconstant as the Moon, she plays her part,
nd like a Viper preys upon his Heart:
raws him so poor, till like her Slaves,
Which she bestows on some smart Fop she loves.
or this is with 'em a perpetual Rule,
hey never Love the Person that they fool.
his he perceives not till it is too late,
ill Ruin'd in his Person and Estate.

And

And then good Night, when all his money's gone,
Miſs leaves him too, to ply about the Town.

*The Eighth Pleaſure of a Town Life.*

BUt above all-- if't be within thy Power,
Oh Fate! to Curſe me any mortal more,
Let him be him that does ſo wretched prove,
To be with ſome Intrigming Jilt in Love:
Nay, tho' in part to mollifie his pain,
We'll ſay the Harlot chance to Love again?
I mean ſuch Love as Lewdneſs can impart,
Bred in the Blood-- but never in the Heart.
With ſoftning preſents he would Cure her mind,
To him, and only to him, to be Kind:
But were the *Indies* all within his Pow'r
To give, he would but laviſh all his Store,
He might confine the Sea, as ſoon as her.
What then (ſince Love no Rival will ſubmit)
Muſt he indure that with this plague do's meet?
When every Thought is Death and Diſcontent
To know, what he wants power to prevent,
The caſe can only this concluſion have,
He's twice more wretched than a Galley-ſlave.

*The Ninth Pleaſure of a Town Life.*

THis has ſome Jilt for a long time ſuſtain'd,
Who has Imperious o'er his Pocket reign'd;
At length grown weary of ſo looſe a Life,
Or for ſome other Cauſe, he takes a wife:
The Jilt now like a Fury flings and tears,
Ten thouſand Oaths to be reveng'd ſhe ſwears:
Threatens to come before his very Door,
For Whores are plagues that never give you o'er.
*There in the open Street to act the Scene,*
*And letts the World know what a Spark he's been:*
*This; may be ſome fair promiſes prevents,*
*If conſtantly attended with the pence;*
*For Whores and Fidlers this one Rule obſerve,*
*Of old; no longer Pipe, no longer Dance.*

t if the Promis'd Pension he withdraws,
e Fury then again Exerts her Claws:
us he a charge, continual intails,
ides the Curse, the Moise, and all things else;

## The Tenth Pleasure of a Town Life.

W
A Nother Harlot works by various means,
And acts a Silli's true part behind the Scenes;
ds the kind Bubble of a pliant Size,
d Spreads a subtle Net to catch her Prize.
th greater ease to drive him in the same,
e first obtains his Residence, and Name,
o useful Perquisites for her design,
e Shallow Easie Fop to undermine;
Message next she sends to let him know,
onvey'd by some such useful Rogue as R——w;
B
at she's with Child——and by the Love she bore,
must be him—for she was never so before.
hich he with wonderful Surprize receives,
d for the present some few Guineas gives,
us he's impos'd on by a wretched Cheat,
d e're he finds it out, pays dearly for his Wit.

## The Eleventh Pleasure of a Town Life.

S
NOR this alone Debauch'ry comprehends,
The forward Age to other vice descends,
nd Youth e're he's attain'd good Sence to think,
ddicts himself with Pride, to swear and drink:
's Rules Immoral from Example take,
nd e're he's turn'd of fifteen, turns a Rake:
ors in Sin—(nothing that's Lewd shall scape)
nd on his Virgin Health commits a Rape,
rsaking Reason——grows to Vice a Slave,
nd e'r he's Thirty, drops into his Grave.

## The Twelfth Plague of a Town Life.

A Nother has a better Progress made,
And binds himself Apprentice to the Trade;
arboyl'd Sot, without one Spark of Grace,
hose nightly Sins are number'd on his Face;

*Which with the Rags upon his back make out,*
*The very Arms and Enſigns of a Sot:*
*Who like a Rat into ſome Corner goes,*
*And dies Unpitied both by Friends and Foes.*

## The Thirteenth Pleaſure of a Town Life.

*WHat do's that Man deſerve? to whom his Fate,*
*Has given an ample Stock or an Eſtate?*
*(That has, perhaps, beſides a tender Wife,*
*Yet into Riot and Exceſs do's fall,*
*And in debauchery conſumes it all?*
*And to his Sure Deſtruction makes ſuch haſt,*
*He do's in Body, with his Subſtance waſte;*
*Lives till he want what he had miſemply'd*
*And is like one that God has curs'd, Deſtroy'd.*

## The Fourteenth Pleaſure of a Town Life.

*BUt ſay that this a Conſtitution has,*
*Firm and unſhaken as a Pile of Braſs;*
*Yet who'd Endure the Palſies, aching Heads?*
*The pains, the Qualms, that nightly Drinking breeds?*
*Perpetual diſorder dragg's him on,*
*Buſineſs Neglected, and himſelf Undone,*
*A Wretched Life he ſpends till threeſcore Years,*
*And then the Fruits of Drunkeneſs appears.*

## The Fifteenth Pleaſure of a Town Life.

SAtyr and conclude—— and ſum the Evils up,
Shew the great wonder how the Land ſhou'd ſcape,
From Fires, Famines, Peſtilence and Rape,
To cruſh ſo vile, ſo profligate an Age?
For let the Church be Empty as it will,
You'll ſee the Play-houſe, and the Taverns fill:
Whole Afternoons, whole Nights they'll Squander there,
Yet can't Spare one poor Minute on't for Pray'r.
This is the Sum of a Licentious Town,
Where Lewdneſs is into Example grown.

FINIS.